

THE COMING OF THE KIMBALLS

welcome
to our home
and may you find here the poem
of what light there is here
in human hearts and tea
and wine and the flash of ashen dawn
yet undone
by the stillness of these streets
find here
fields of praise and starry nights
flowers of the face
the sweetnesses of what blossoms
need be sought in life
as life itself is searched for
and find
here
among the scattered tides of tedium
repose and respite
to share despite the distances we share

simple, these sweet draughts of air
and the smiles that tell us
how we care

welcome, welcome,
and welcome:
you're there!

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